The Old Gristmill.

By Willow brook, beneath the hill,
Stands quaint and gray the old gristmill.
Spring mosses on its steep roof grow,
Where broad their shade the willows throw.
The pond near by is clear and deep,
And around its brink the alders sweep;
The lily pads spread gay and green,
The lilies white and gold between;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water-wheel turns round and round.

Among the reeds the muskrat dives,
And swift the swallow homeward flies;
The robin sits in cedars near,
Where Willow brook runs swift and clear;
The children by the school-house play,
Where slumberous shadows softly stay,
And warm and low the summer breeze
Is whispering through the willow leaves;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water-wheel turns round and round.

The crows now wing their southern way;
The squirrels in the nut trees play;
With merry shouts the schoolboys run;
The mountains blush 'neath autumn's sun;
Their grain they bring adown the hill,
The farmers, to the old gristmill;
And faint from far o'er hill and dale
Falls on the ear the thresher's flail;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water-wheel turns round and round.

Long years have come and passed away;
The mill with age is gaunt and gray;
The roof gaps wide to rain and sun;
With cobwebs thick the walls are hung.
The pond is overgrown with weeds;
The marsh-wren builds among the reeds;
The night wind's through the willows moan;
The schoolboy is gone, the children grown;
The farmers sleep where wild flowers grow,
Who brought their grain so long ago,
When ground the mill with rumbling sound,
And the water-wheel turned round and round.

—*Christian Union.*

A MASQUERADE.

"She is far from fascinating," declared Lucia, as she and her sister discussed the events of the day, a few weeks after Miss Lovell's appearance at the Orchard Farm. "An aquiline nose is a defect in any woman's face; it looks strong-minded."

"And that black silk dress of hers has been turned, too. I saw the old stitches," yawned Essie. "What do you think of her singing?"

"Guy seems to hang upon her numbers."

"She's a novelty."

Fascinating or otherwise, the gentlemen at the house seemed to rally about Miss Lovell, to the no small discomfiture of the Misses Thornton. Her very indifference lent a charm; and even the turned silk failed to disgust them, or the fact that she was suspected of earning her own living. There was a picnic to the recesses of the Pine Woods one day, when other expedients for killing time had been nearly exhausted, planned and carried out by Miss Lucia and her sister.

"And where is our charming Miss Lovell?" asked Duchene, an attache of one of the legations, whom Lucia had contrived to attach to her party.

"I don't know," returned Lucia.

"Is not Miss Lovell here?" demanded Guy, "and why is she not?"

"Don't annihilate us, Guy! What is Hecuba to you?"

"I will return for Miss Lovell," said Duchene, not comprehending the situation.

"I will fetch her myself," threatened Guy, hurrying away. But he did not return. Miss Lovell had no mind to accept an invitation at the eleventh hour; she was busy sketching. Would she not give him a lesson in the art? And whether or no, there he stayed beside her till the sunset dyed the sea with the hues of a shell. No end of banter followed when the party returned from the woods.

"This is the way Mr. Thornton does his picnicking?" questioned Duchene. "Don't you know," addressing Miss Lovell, "that they used to burn women for witchcraft?"

"Neither did the men escape."

"These Thorntons are a proud family," he pursued. "They think themselves the cream of society, and the rest of the world but skim-milk."

"And I represent bonny-clabber, perhaps."

"They are a haughty race; whoever is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth is beneath notice—except for amusement."

"You seem to have studied the Thorntons."

"They interest me with their contempt for work; I wonder nobody asks if the malt that lay in the house that Jack built was not furnished by their grandfather's brewery."

"You are too bitter, Mr. Duchene—bitter as beer. And Mr. Thornton, does he share their contempt?"

"I have not heard; but he is a Thornton."

"Miss Lucia thinks your lecture is long. She is in doubt about the text. I believe you engaged her for this waltz?" They were having some informal dancing in the parlors that night.

One evening in August, Miss Lovell, having spent a dull day in-doors, threw open her blinds, and felt it a waste of the season to remain under a roof. The universe seemed too narrow to hold her, and throwing on a cloak which enveloped her, folding a black veil across her yellow hair, and fastening the hood of her wrap beneath her chin, she stole out. Presently, as she sat in the shadow of a great rock, a boat put in, and Duchene helped Miss Lucia ashore and strolled away, while Guy planted an oar in the sand, and Essie crouched beside him.

"You will take cold," said Guy. "We must go in."

"You wouldn't be in such haste if I were Miss Lovell. I don't know where you get your plebeian tastes. Everybody is laughing at your devotion."

"Let those laugh who win," returned Guy. "*Le roi s'amuse.*"

Miss Lovell had left her seat at mention of her name, and loitered along the beach, stooping to gather a shell or bit of some wreck as she went.

"What old witch is that?" asked Essie as she passed them.

"It looks like a fisherwoman gathering drift to boil her pot;" but having decoyed Essie in-doors, he flew back to the sand.

"The step betrays the goddess," overtaking her.

I hoped to pass for a fisherwoman."

"You! To complete the disguise, let me take you out in my boat."

"With all my heart." "'*Le roi s'amuse*,'" she reflected; "but he allows another to share his amusement." And directly they were floating through a drift of stars, mingling jest and sentiment; slipping past the lighthouse, beyond the spits of sand with breakers creaming about them, till the beach lights were but sparks against the darkness, past stretches of meadows, and the lonesome wharves of the town. "Mr. Thornton," she cried, waking from the spell, as steeples and chimneys stood revealed, "what is this?"

"This is Bagdad. Our boat has been propelled by afrites. I am the necromancer who has annihilated time and space. Shall we keep on up the river, and join the caravans for Aleppo and Damascus?"

"Do let us return; it must be so late. There are no lights in your Bagdad."

"The Caliph prohibits them after 9 P. M. Besides, gas and kerosene haven't come to light yet. My dear Miss Lovell, the tide is against and the wind is not with us. Even a necromancer may err. You have made it dangerously pleasant. I did not dream of the hour. Halloo, there!" he shouted, under the bow of a brig. "I will give any man his price who will help me row back to the beach." And presently two stout sailors swung themselves into the boat. When Miss Lovell and Mr. Thornton walked up to the Orchard Farm, the sun was rising.

"Oh, Guy," cried Essie, coming forward, "we have been so alarmed! The servant said your room had not been occupied, and—"

"You were beginning to wonder if black would become you, eh?"

"'*Le roi s'amuse*,'" she said, significantly. Guy's brow darkened.

"You are mistaken," he returned.

Miss Lovell had a nervous headache, and did not appear again till twilight.

"It has been the longest day in the year," he said, "in spite of the calendar."

"You were up so early."

"You are down so late. Come unto these yellow sands." A dense fog was blowing in shore. "Speaking of love, Miss Lovell," he said, after a dozen topics had been lightly touched and abandoned, "do you think it is of such a slow growth that if one should confess he loved you after a few weeks' intimacy you would doubt him?"

"I don't know."

"Miss Lovell, will you take me for better or worse?"

"Mr. Thornton!"

"You *do* love me, you do care for me," boldly; and Guy's arm was about to inclose her, his lips were bent to her cheek, when a voice out of the fog asked, "Is it private theatricals? Have we intruded behind the scenes?" as Lucia and Duchene drew nearer. "Cousin Guy, there are letters for you and a telegram at the house;" and while he went for the mail in the convoy of his cousin and her escort, Miss Lovell escaped to her room. The telegram proved an urgent summons, and Guy was obliged to leave by the earliest stage next morning. As Miss Lovell, unaware of this fact, was asleep at that hour, he slipped a note of explanation and asservation under her door as he passed down; but the wind blowing through her open window swept it back into the hall, and when Essie tripped by to breakfast it lay in her path. "Miss Lovell," she read, "and Cousin Guy's handwriting," and she carried it to her room, lighted a taper and let it shrivel in the flame. That evening, as Miss Lovell lingered on the veranda, Miss Essie brushed by her and turned, "You are not, perhaps, aware," she said, in undertone, "that Mr. Thornton is already engaged—has been engaged for years. He has not told you, of course—what man ever tells such things when he amuses himself?"

"Yes?" rejoined Miss Lovell, "and I am engaged to marry myself—since some time."

"A *bonne bouche* to write Guy," thought Essie; "I will put it in a postscript as an afterthought." It was not strange if Miss Lovell became sadly disturbed at Guy's departure without a word, and at his subsequent silence. She could not question his cousins; and as day after day passed without a syllable in explanation, she decided that he had been merely passing the time, as people will at the beach; that it was no true affection, but a will-o'-the-wisp which she had mistaken for a reality. Guy, in his turn, was both hurt and angry that she paid no heed to his farewell note; but he had no time to upbraid her, and then came Essie's postscript.

Another letter arrived for Guy in the same mail—a letter from the woman to whom he had been engaged for years:

"MY DEAR MR. THORNTON" (it ran) —"Your last letter was received in May. I returned from Europe early in June, but did not notify you, because I have been revolving a certain matter in my mind. I feel that it will be impossible for us to fulfil the engagement which was brought about by our parents. It is out of the question that you, who knew me as a mere child seven years ago—have we met once in that time?—can love me. You used to say that my straight nose was my only beauty, and I was thrown from a carriage while abroad, and it is now an aquiline feature—not bad for an aquiline, either. I am confident you would sacrifice yourself rather than to disobey the dead, who have mortgaged us to each other, so to speak; and I feel obliged to take the initiative and declare our engagement null and void. I have fitted myself for teaching and have several pupils; and during the enjoyment of my grandfather's estate I have saved enough for a rainy day. Do not attempt to see me or to change my resolve, which is unchangeable. Sincerely,

"JULIETTE L. CAVENDISH."

Guy had not been a deliberate villain in this transaction. Miss Lovell had won his heart before he dreamed of danger; and as for Juliette Cavendish, she was a hobbledehoy schoolgirl of thirteen when he saw her seven years before—shy, nervous and awkward, with elflocks of tow-colored hair. Her grandfather and Guy's father had been sworn friends, in spite of the disparity in years; and it had been their hobby to unite the family fortunes. If Guy and Juliette failed to marry they forfeited their inheritance. Happily for Guy, he had received a legacy from his mother's family unencumbered by ugly conditions; but he had always supposed he should carry out his father's will and marry Miss Cavendish finally, and they had kept up an irregular correspondence during her sojourn in Europe.

"A strange affair," he thought. "Can she have fallen in love? I feel to blame as if I ought to have taken pains to love her. A snarl always ensues when the dead dictate to the living." At least he was free to marry Miss Lovell; but had not Miss Essie just notified him of her long engagement? He hastened to write Miss Lovell a letter full of bitter reproaches and angry love; but she had bidden adieu to the Orchard Farm before it arrived there, and had left no address, having abandoned hope at the same date; and the poor love-letter, with all its angry protestations, was laid on the shelf, and Guy was obliged to own in his heart that he had been deceived and misled. At about this time he began to wonder what manner of woman Miss Cavendish might be; if she had really a lover; and if not, what had prompted the sacrifice. What but a noble sincerity? After all, why should he hesitate to fulfill his father's will, and unite the fortunes of Cavendish and Thornton? Might she not be taught to love him? He was wise enough to know that his account with love was not closed because one woman had proved untrue. As she had given no address, he called first upon her lawyer as the most likely person to know her whereabouts.

"Miss Cavendish," said that gentleman, "was at the seashore quite lately, by the doctor's orders—a slight difficulty of the throat. Had some crotchet about earning her daily bread, and has been practicing her voice too steadily. Women who can afford to be idle are always hankering for a vocation. Her relatives made such an ado about a Cavendish working that she has cut adrift from them. They made her life a burden. You'd better call in the evening: she has pupils all day. She's in earnest about not marrying, perhaps you know? Perhaps she'll change her mind when she sees you," laughed Mr. Small. "Oh, by-the-way," he called after Guy, "I'm growing absent-minded—it's age; don't grow old, sir; it's a bad habit. To spare the feelings of her high and mighty relatives, Miss Cavendish has assumed her mother's maiden name, Lovell—ask for Miss Juliette Lovell."

"Miss Lovell!" gasped Guy. "What does she mean by keeping up such a masquerade with me?"

"You had better go and ask her."

And Guy obeyed.

"I was at the beach for my health," Miss Cavendish explained, later, after some preliminaries had passed. "I could not afford to lose my voice, but I never dreamed of meeting you there. Afterward I thought perhaps you might grow to like me, if nobody obliged you to do so. I had taken my mother's name, not to deceive you, but because my father's family felt annoyed when I entered the ranks of the laborers. I must either marry you or work. When you asked me to take you for better or worse, I was afraid it was pity instead of love, because people were cool to me after our journey to Bagdad, and I hadn't time to confess my secret. I went down next morning to surprise you with it, but you had left without a word. I supposed you had been amusing yourself, as your cousins said; that you could never have loved me under any circumstances; and then I decided you should never know that Miss Lovell was Miss Cavendish, disguised by seven years of Europe and an aquiline nose. So I wrote that letter of dismissal, if you please."

"And, after all, we lose our hearts and keep our commandments, my dear Juliette! What will Cousin Essie say when she hears that Miss Lovell and I have been destined for each other from the beginning.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Pair of Hippopotamuses.

"But one, and only one, in the country, ma'am; a beauty, isn't he?" said the keeper, holding a bunch of fodder. Then he laughed in a pleased, subdued sort of a way, as if it was an excellent joke.

"He knows me, ma'am, and will come when I call, though ever so sleepy; and they doze mostly all daytime. Their home ways, in their own country, is to travel round nights, procession-like, half a dozen together, the mothers with the one baby following close: in that way they show their sociability with their kin, visiting rivers and fountains, being always particular to have a patriarch to lead."

"Have a bite, my beauty?" called the keeper, with enticing voice; and the huge beast bestirred his ponderous frame, turning the funny little sleepy eyes toward his friend. "Here, Bunt, have a scratch?" and with that an exceedingly coarse brush was thrust between the bars. The burly quadruped lowered his ungainly phiz and secured the coveted petting. "He'll give up any contrary fit for such a rub, ma'am. If I can only get his eye upon the brush, I'm sure of him."

Slowly munching his lunch, the creature moved the massive, elongated, triangular head, the queer bits of eyes peering out inquiringly, yet with a most "don't-matter-to-me" air, almost pathetic in its expression of loneliness.

"He's an ashen one, lady—young, too; but he can king it over the old one opposite—an old veteran from Indian jungles, and nigh onto twenty years old; black as Egypt, too, as you'll see."

"Here, Nimrod, speak to the lady; show your manners," and the kindly keeper gave the slowly rising "hunter" a gentle poke, then hurriedly placed before him his usual rations. A strange guttural sound—a sort of under-ground "thanks"—the accredited vernacular of this midnight-walking family, was euphoniously snorted out, after which he addressed himself to his meal.

"Nimrod, ma'am, is a one-horner, as we keepers say; now Bunt has two, but I can't rouse his ambition if I tell him of it fifty times a day; he just don't realize how much higher up the scale he is than his black grown-up cousin. Eating and sleeping is all they care for. Bunt's slow-paced and cumbersome, and needs a heap o' care; he's growing, and snoozes the whole continuous time, leastwise he's at it 'cept when I rouse him for his constitutional. His teeth keep him uneasy and fretting now and then—it's the age for that—but like these two horned creatures better'n the trunk ones over yonder," pointing to a crowd of elephants.

Bunt was now fully roused; he even condescended to acknowledge my presence, and settling himself for good behavior, was very gracious to passers-by. Those wonderful horns! often more than two feet in length; what weapons of offence they were! The hinder one, I noted, was shorter than that in front, and less curved; both were smooth and pyramidal in form. They appeared as if resting upon the upper surface of the muzzle; sometimes they obstruct the vision, but what necessary forces they become when the burly owner is attacked by enemies, or deep brushwood or tangled forests are to be traversed! Very little hair had Bunt, or his duskier comrade Nimrod; a few bristling spikes edged the erect, delicately pointed ears, and a lively little bunch supplemented the brief tail, looking for all the world like a pretty dust-brush tied on. The legs, short and stout, were not models of grace, but sturdy travelers. The three big broad toes were significantly stout and well developed—for a baby—a rhinoceros baby, I mean. Nimrod's skin, rough and tough, laid over his shoulders like great folds of parchment, but then he was a veteran, and beyond caring for looks; in Bunt there was an utter absence of this overlapping, but he was young and fair.

Such a hide as Nimrod sported would find a ready market anywhere for the manufacture of walking-sticks; and from the horns, often beautiful through much polishing against trees, would be fashioned lovely boxes and drinking-cups; indeed, Eastern nations affirm that through their use the presence of poison can be discovered. A great satirist, living A. D. 43, mentioned in his poems that the noble ladies of his day were wont to use these horns as cases for their essence, bottles and oils—very convenient dressing-cases, to be sure, and could be slung from girdle or belt if desired.

"They were greatly counted on among the ancients, I believe, ma'am?" said the obliging keeper, with a half-suppressed look of inquiry.

"Oh, yes!" I answered, glad enough to air my little knowledge where so much had been courteously given—"oh, yes! the old Romans paid great respect to this branch of the pachydermata family. Pompey even introduced it into the circus, and, strangely enough, it was honored with a place in the triumphal procession of Augustus and Cleopatra. The dull-looking creature was also represented on the coins of the period—the two-horned ones, I mean—for, now so rare, they seem to have been best known then. Then for a long time all knowledge of them was lost; but when the Portuguese opened the way to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope they were again found, and in 1684 introduced into England. Did you ever hear of rhinoceros birds? No? Well, they are the best friends of these sleepy animals. They find their living on their backs, for swarms of tick and other parasitic insects congregate on the rough skin, and in return for such ample rations keep an eye out for enemies, and with shrill cries never fail to waken 'Chukuroo,' who hurriedly bestirs himself and flees for safety."—*Harper's Bazar.*

New York detectives are impenetrable mysteries—that is, they are past finding out.—*Boston Post.*

THE DEATH OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

Story of the Man who Commanded at Booth's Capture—Boston Corbett's Shot—Distributing the Reward.

A reporter of the New Orleans *Picayune* has recently interviewed Captain Edward P. Doherty, who commanded the detachment that captured Booth and Harrold after the assassination of President Lincoln, and that officer's story of the pursuit and its result appears in the *Picayune* of August 18. The story of the surrender of Harrold and the shooting of Booth in a barn near Bowling Green is told as follows:

"After Garrett had designated the direction of the barn, Captain Doherty said to Sergeant Boston Corbett, 'Dismount your men, detail a few to watch the house, and bring the remainder here.' Captain Doherty then surrounded the barn with his men, and, going to the front door, placed a lighted candle, which he had held in his hand for some time, near the front entrance of the barn and in the vicinity of a large crack or opening. Unlocking the door, Captain Doherty called upon those in the barn to come out and surrender, but no answer was made to this and subsequent frequent and loud demands of a like character. Captain Doherty then passed around among his sentinels who surrounded the barn, when he was informed that whispering and the moving of hay had been heard from the inside.

"Captain Doherty then said: 'If you don't come out I'll set fire to the building and burn you out.' As there was no answer even to this, Captain Doherty ordered Corporal Newgarten to pile some shavings and hay in the opening and set fire to it. While he was piling it up a voice said to the corporal: 'If you come back there I'll put a bullet through you.' Captain Doherty, who was standing near Newgarten, then quietly ordered him to desist, and determined to wait till daylight before making any further demonstrations.

"At this time quite a long conversation occurred between Captain Doherty and J. Wilkes Booth. The former, after hearing the threat of the latter, called again for a surrender, when Booth replied: 'Who do you take us for?' Captain Doherty responded: 'It don't make any difference who I take you for. I'm going to arrest you.' Then Booth said: 'Boys, fetch me a stretcher; another stain in our glorious banner.'

"Walking around the barn and returning near the door, Captain Doherty heard whispered conversation between Booth and Harrold from the inside. Booth then said aloud: 'I am crippled and alone, give me a chance for my life; draw your men up at twenty-five paces and I will come out.'

"Captain Doherty replied: 'I didn't come here to fight, but to capture you. I have fifty men here and can do it.'

"In the meantime Harrold had approached the door, when Captain Doherty said to him, 'Let me see your hands,' when Harrold put both hands out through the door, and Captain Doherty seizing them, handed Harrold over to the corporal at the door.

"While this coversation was going on, and as Captain Doherty was in the act of taking Harrold out of the front door, the barn had been fired in the rear. The flames burst suddenly forth. Booth, who had left his position in the barn to the right of the opening referred to above, near the candle, took a position in the center of the barn facing the door, and raising his carbine, pointed it in the direction of Harrold and Captain Doherty, when Sergeant Corbett, who was stationed at one of the openings in the barn to the left of Booth, observing the movement, leveled a large-sized Colt's revolver at Booth and fired, intending to hit him in the arm for the purpose of disabling him, but the ball entered his neck, about one inch from the same point that Booth shot President Lincoln.

"On hearing the shot, and being at the time ignorant of the movement or intention of Booth, Captain Doherty supposed that he had shot himself rather than surrender, when the officers rushed into the barn, and by the light of the burning building, saw Booth with the carbine between his legs, one of his crutches having dropped, and Booth in the act of falling forward, when Captain Doherty caught him with both arms around the body and carried him outside of the barn and laid him down, but the heat becoming too intense, Captain Doherty ordered him removed under the veranda of the Garrett mansion.

"Soldiers were then dispatched in different directions for doctors, but only one, Dr. Urquart, could be found, he arriving about 6 A. M., and after probing the wound, pronounced it fatal, the ball having ranged upward, cutting a vital part.

"From the time that Booth was shot, five o'clock, to the time he expired, two hours later, he spoke but once, and that was to Capt. Doherty, shortly before six o'clock, when he said to him, 'Hands.' Capt. Doherty lifted up his hands, when Booth looked at them for an instant, and, shaking his head, exclaimed: 'Useless, useless.' A short time after this he became unconscious, and so remained until he expired.

"Capt. Doherty, after wrapping the body of Booth in his saddle blanket, sewed the blanket together with his own hands, and, having placed the body on a cart which was obtained from an old negro residing about two miles distant, proceeded with the body and the prisoner, Harrold, to Belle Plain, where the Ide was awaiting the return of the command, which arrived at 6 P. M., when the Ide proceeded to Washington, where the body of Booth and the prisoner, Harrold, were turned over to the officers of the United States iron-clad monitor Montauk, Captain Doherty having received orders from the department commander so to do. This was at three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh.

"In reference to the different statements that Booth was never captured nor killed, and that he is alive to-day, Captain Doherty says that it is the sheerest nonsense in the world, as, in the first place, Captain Doherty knew J. Wilkes Booth personally, and was in his company at the National Hotel in Washington about two months previous to the assassination. In the second place, at the post-mortem examination, held on the twenty-seventh of April, Booth was fully identified by Dr. May, his attending physician, who had performed an operation upon his neck, and by Mr. Dawson, proprietor of the National Hotel, where he boarded during his residence in Washington, and also by other well-known citizens, to the full satisfaction of the government.

"In the third place, after the body of Booth was buried in a cell in the penitentiary at the Arsenal at Washington, the remains were delivered over to his relatives four years later, upon application to President Johnson, and they now rest in the family vault near Baltimore, Md., thus proving that the members of his own family recognize the fact that the body lying there is the last mortal remains of J. Wilkes Booth.

"Harrold was tried, convicted and hanged with Payne, Atzerot and Mrs. Surratt in July, 1865.

"A total reward of $150,000 was offered by the government, the city of Washington, and the city of Baltimore. The reward of $100,000 offered by the Government was paid, but those offered by the cities of Washington and Baltimore were repudiated. Capt. Doherty entered suit in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia to recover the $20,000 offered by the city of Washington, but the suit was decided against his claim, the court holding that the city of Washington had no authority in law to offer the reward.

"Capt. Doherty appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it is now pending, and from whence a decision is expected to be reached this year. In the case of the claim against the city of Baltimore, which offered $30,000 for the arrest of the assassin, Capt. Doherty did not sue to recover, the mayor and aldermen telling him point blank that they would not pay it, as the reward was offered under a previous administration. This claim has now lapsed by limitation.

"Of the $100,000 offered by the government, $75,000 was paid on the basis of prize-money in the navy. The command consisted of twenty-six enlisted men, two citizens (detectives) and one commissioned officer. The commission appointed to distribute the money consisted of Judge Advocate-General Holt and Gen. E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General of the army, who awarded to Captain Doherty $75,000; to each of the citizen detectives, $4,000; to Sergt. Boston Corbett and Sergt. Wandell, $2,200 each, the commission deciding that the fact of Corbett having shot Booth did not entitle him to more than the non-commissioned officer of the same rank who was also present at the capture.

"Gen. Lafayette C. Baker, chief detective of the War Department, was held to be the same as an admiral, who detaches a ship and orders it to another squadron. In transitu, that ship captures a prize, and Capt. Doherty being in the position as captain of the ship, received two-twentieths of the whole amount, while the admiral, who in this case was Gen. Baker, received one-twentieth, or $3,750. The remainder of $75,000 was distributed pro rata among the men.

"Capt. Doherty was informed from high authority that 'a wheelbarrow full of claims' were put in for this reward, almost every detective in the United States representing that he was entitled to a share. The adjustment of this mass of claims occupied the members of the commission a little over a year before they could determine who were entitled to the reward."

The Wheat and Corn Product.

The following is a statement showing the annual wheat and corn production of the United States for the past sixteen years, together with the annual exports and home consumption for the same period. These figures are correct, being officially reported from the Department of Agriculture. The estimate for this year is calculated from the reports of extended correspondence throughout the United States, and is probably as correct as estimates of this nature can be made:

WHEAT.

Year.	Production.	Exports.	Home. Consumpt'n.
1863..	173,677,900	41,468,400	132,209,500
1864..	160,695,800	22,959,800	137,736,000
1865..	148,552,800	16,494,300	132,058,500
1866..	151,909,900	12,646,900	129,358,500
1867..	212,441,400	26,323,000	186,118,400
1868..	224,036,600	29,717,200	194,319,400
1869..	260,146,900	53,900,700	206,246,200
1870..	235,884,700	52,574,100	183,310,600
1871..	230,722,400	38,995,700	191,726,700
1872..	249,997,100	52,014,700	197,982,400
1873..	281,254,700	91,510,400	189,744,300
1874..	309,102,700	72,912,800	236,189,900
1875..	292,136,000	74,750,600	217,385,400
1876..	289,356,500	57,140,900	232,206,600
1877..	364,194,100	92,141,600	272,052,500
1878..	420,122,400	145,122,000	275,000,400
1879..	*480,000,000	....	....

CORN.

Year.	Production.	Exports.	Home. Consumpt'n.
1863..	397,839,200	5,146,190	392,639,010
1864..	530,452,400	3,610,400	526,831,000
1865..	704,427,800	14,465,700	689,962,100
1866..	867,946,200	16,026,900	851,919,300
1867..	768,320,000	12,493,500	755,826,500
1868..	906,527,000	8,286,600	898,240,400
1869..	874,320,000	2,140,400	872,179,600
1870..	1,094,255,000	10,676,800	1,083,578,200
1871..	991,898,000	35,727,000	956,171,000
1872..	1,092,719,000	40,154,200	1,052,564,800
1873..	932,274,000	35,985,800	896,288,200
1874..	850,148,500	30,025,000	820,123,500
1875..	1,321,069,000	50,910,500	1,270,158,500
1876..	1,283,827,000	72,652,600	1,211,174,400
1877..	1,342,558,000	87,192,100	1,255,365,900
1878..	*1,388,218,700	....	....

*Estimated.

Sneezing.

A correspondent writes to the New York *Sun*, inquiring for a relief from sneezing. A number of letters were received by the *Sun*, giving alleged remedies. One writer, who signs himself "Experience," says: If your correspondent desires to avoid sneezing let him press upward—from underneath—the nasal cartilage. This is the method adopted by duck hunters when lying in the marshes, if their proximity to the water gives them an inclination to sneeze, since the least noise would frighten away the ducks. To sneeze is to catch cold, and the inclination to do so should be repressed. I have not sneezed these fifteen years, ever since I had in my new set of teeth. Sneezing should not be indulged in by those wearing a full set of false teeth.

Another reply received says: The easiest way to stop an inclination to sneeze without attracting any attention is to press the tongue as far back against the roof of the mouth as possible for a few seconds. It is a never-failing remedy.

By the way, did the *Sun* or anybody ever hear of a colored person sneezing? An article in *Temple Bar* in 1873, I believe, written by one Walter, who had made sneezing peculiarities a study, who had had an extensive experience in countries inhabited by colored people, and also had availed himself of the results of the observations of other travelers, asserted that neither in Africa nor in any of those countries is a native known to sneeze. For several years after reading this article I was in a community where there were many colored persons, and I made it a point to note if they ever sneezed. I never saw or heard one of them sneeze.

A Crane with a Wooden Leg.

In London—in St. James' park—there once lived a crane. By some accident he broke one of his long legs, and a kind doctor who saw him in pain cut it off above the knee. The bird got well, but how was he to get about in the world? He couldn't use a crutch, as a man with one leg can, nor had he any friends to wheel him about in an invalid-chair, as some sick people have when they can't walk.

I don't know what the poor bird would have done; but a soldier, who knew how to do a good many things, saw the crane's trouble, took pity on him, and went to work to help him. He made a wooden leg, with a joint for a knee, and he managed to fasten it to the poor cripple, so that he could walk about and take care of himself. It was not a pretty leg, like his other, but it was useful, and he was satisfied with it. For a long time this wooden-legged bird was one of the sights of the park, and very proudly he bore himself before the crowds of curious boys and girls who came to see him.—*St. Nicholas.*

"Phairest Phlora," wrote an amorous youth, "phorever dismiss your phears, and phly with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone. Phriends, phamily, phather—phorget them and think only of the phelicity of the phuture! Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand, so pheign not phondness if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic, and answer phinally, Phlora." "Oh, Pherdinand, you phool!" was phair Phlora's curt reply.

MEXICAN CHIVALRY.

A Jarocho Dancing Party—How the Belle of the Occasion Danced, and how her Admirers Hung Challenges to Mortal Combat upon her Shoulders—The Duel with which the Dance Ended.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes from Vera Cruz, Mexico, as follows: It was two o'clock in the afternoon—so said the shadows of the palm trees—when three or four musicians began tuning up their jazacanas and bandolins near the estrade. The tropical sun was shining down in all its dazzling brilliancy upon the flower-wreathed booth, the wattled huts, the gayly caparisoned horses, the velvet-attired men and bare-armed women—upon all the glaring contrasts of squalid poverty and bedizened bravery. In our own cold clime Terpsichore awaits the coming of night, with its accessories of waxen floors, brilliant gaslight and sensuous perfumes; but in the Mexican lowlands the Jarocho dances in the broad glare of day, with a passionate excitement as intense as the beams of the fiery luminary above him.

At the first rude notes of the guitars the men deserted the drinking stalls, while from every hut in the village troops of young girls came tripping toward the sylvan ballroom. The floor was filled with the female dancers, who, in the first stages of the fandango, alone figure upon it; the men being by a singular custom mere spectators of the women's performance. The musicians, seated upon the ground close to the estrade, strummed energetically upon their instruments; occasionally supplementing the music with their voices in a kind of rude improvisation, pointed with coarse allusions which elsewhere would have emptied the floor in a moment, but here only served to increase the excitement. The dancing went on in an energetic way, much augmented by the shouts and plaudits of the spectators; each of whom had some especial favorite to encourage. Many of the dances executed were strictly national in character, while others were Spanish—the *vulero*, *manola* and *zupateador* being plainly recognizable. And one could not help admiring the dexterous manner in which these beautiful and supple women carried a tumbler of water upon their heads, without spilling a drop, while dancing with the greatest vigor, or the facility with which they unfastened the silken knots upon their satin shoes in the difficult *bomba*, without using their hands. There were, too, quadrilles and contradances of various kinds, with an occasional *pas seul* by some expert dancer. My Mephistophelian old friend of the morning ride gave in a dance known as *la garota* an imitation of the writhings and contortions of a malefactor dying by the garrote—the Mexican method of capital punishment. The dance was disgusting in its details and execution, yet was greeted with loud vivas by the Jarochos, for whom a public execution possesses irresistible attractions.

The musicians, who had changed their time with every dance, or at the popular call, now struck up the lively *preteneza*. By this time the estrade was filled with dancers, and the excitement among the spectators, increased by frequent potations at the drinking booths, waxed more and more intense; seeming to center about the figure of a young girl who had but lately appeared on the scene. She was a magnificent creature, this daughter of the South, of graceful mien and dazzling beauty.

As the dance went on the crowd about the estrade resolved itself into two factions, each led by a richly-dressed Jarocho, both of whom were evidently aspirants for the hand of the bewitching Circe. It was apparent at a glance that the adherents of both parties were animated not so much by admiration for their leader as by the hope that some contest might grow out of the jealous rivalry waged between them. To this end their words all tended. "Jesus has no chance," shouted one. "Jose is her man," returned another. The musicians, urged on by the spirit of evil, or animated by the hope of a quarrel arising between the opposing factions, strummed their guitars with redoubled vigor, and filled the air with an infernal discord. The women dancing upon the estrade chattered among themselves, evidently jealous of the attention paid to Circe, who, proud and palpitating, clearly felt the power which made her the beauty queen of the *fiesta*. The rival lovers, from their places on opposite sides of the estrade, scowled ominously, and spoke slightingly of each other's bravery and courage. Their adherents caught up the refrain until taunts and jeers were freely bandied between them. It was apparent that the storm was about to burst, when suddenly the music stopped, and there came a cry of *Chammara y machete!* (Sash and sword.) At the sound the men exchanged looks of evident satisfaction, while the women left the estrade and took up positions among the spectators. All left but Circe. That superb, self-contained figure stood upon the hard stamped floor like a living Venus of flushed bronze; her complexion heightened by the dance, her black eyes gleaming like a coal. Her tiny feet still kept in motion though the dance had ceased, seeming to await impatiently the beginning of the new measure. It soon came.

As the musicians struck the first low wailing notes of the measure a shout of universal applause greeted the fair dancer. The curtain was rolling up on a new scene; comedy was about to give place to tragedy, and pit, boxes and gallery welcomed the change. Slowly the bandolins sounded the measures of the dance, and with tranquil, almost hesitating steps, the young girl interpreted the rhythm and time with her tiny feet. Gradually the chords quickened and became livelier, and the slow moving Circe merged into a radiant Terpsichore. Her eyes, hitherto bent timidly upon the floor, were now proudly raised and swept the crowd with half coquettish, half inquiring glances. They seemed to say, "Are there none brave enough to risk being my partner?"

A young fellow thus interpreting the questioning look, and, perhaps, eager to show his courage, quickly advanced to the estrade, and, uncovering, presented his gay sombrero with its garniture of silver and lace for the acceptance of the bewitching dancer. Receiving it with a smile, without pausing for an instant in the evolutions in which she was engaged, she placed it coquettishly upon her head at such a slant as to show advantageously the magnificent pile of purple black hair beneath it. A prolonged viva greeted this act so gracefully done, while the pleased gallant, who had thus been conceded the floor, placed himself opposite to her and joined in the dance. Bearing much general resemblance to the quadrille, the dance was more suggestive, portraying the different phases of love, courtship and coquetry, in a manner too clear to be mistaken. It continued for a time, when, at the cry of "*Chammara!*" by the spectators, the young gallant, bowing gracefully to the girl, retired to give place to the second aspirant in the person of Don Jose. Placing himself opposite Circe, the new partner went through the same series of evolutions as his predecessor, ending by unwinding the crimson China crape sash from his waist, which he fastened into a rosette and hung from one of the shoulders of the girl. This act, after the custom of the Jarochos, constituted a challenge to all comers, while by permitting it to remain the girl signified her acceptance of him until such time as another should present a better claim. It could only be answered in one way—by the knife.

Upon the excited crowd a dead silence fell; but the experience of many such scenes told the musicians that the time had come for warlike notes, and the jazacanas and bandolins were twanged with greater discord than ever. Circe danced on as if nothing had occurred to interrupt her Terpsichorean enjoyment. Some singers improvised couplets calculated to deepen the jealousy of the rivals. From the crowd arose the cry of "*Machete! machete!*" and in prompt response Don Jesus sprang into the estrade and with a graceful bow presented himself to the girl. A slight nod told him that he too was welcome to the honor of bestowing his favors, and, drawing his long, glittering blade from its sheath, he suspended it by its bow of purple ribbons from the right shoulder of the girl, already carrying the sash of his rival upon her left. A new *pas de deux* now began, carried on as before, though with many extemporized variations. Though not a word was spoken the dancers seemed to converse in a language perfectly understood by themselves and those around. It was a singular spectacle to see this young and beautiful girl dancing with the sash and sword of her lovers suspended from her bare shoulders.

Suddenly a strident voice in the crowd shouted "*Bomba!*" and the dance was at an end. The musicians, anxious for the safety of their instruments, hastened away. The women, too, now that the dancing was over, took themselves out of harm's way. The two factions, occupying opposite sides of the estrade, clamored for the fight, and the couplet of Don Jesus in honor of his mistress' affection was repeated in chorus by his friends. Don Jose answered by saying that the heart of Circe belonged only to him and found no room for a vagabond and false friend. His rival replied in another recitative, inquiring if he had sufficient courage to meet him in a fair fight. Don Jose answered that he would gladly meet anywhere this base intruder, this corrupter of women's hearts. Circe, proud and radiant, stood in the center of the estrade awaiting the final ceremony with a tranquility which went far to prove her indifference to the claim of either aspirant. But the pledges were still to be redeemed, and with a practical eye to the business features of the play she waited with extended hand. The usual fee for each pledge is a silver half real, but the three gallants, advancing one after another, filled both her hands with silver coins, amid the murmurs of applause which such prodigality excited.

The estrade was now cleared for the fight which, among the Jarochos, inevitably follows the slightest breach of honor. The sylvan temple, so lately the scene of gayety and pleasure, was converted into a gladitorial arena. Into its midst Don Jesus advanced, and first tracing a rude circle in the hard beat sand of the floor, planted his knife in its center. Don Jose promptly followed and placed his long blade close beside that of his rival, while both courteously uncovered. A polite altercation then ensued as to who should first place his hat upon his head, each claiming an honor which, granted by either, would make him the superior in point of courtesy. The difficulty was, however, decided by both contestants covering at the same time. The spectators were then relegated to the outside of the estrade, the combatants placed face to face, and the signal given.

As I have said, among the Jarochos the smallest point of honor, the most trivial remark, often furnishes the cause of a bloody and lasting quarrel. These feuds, moreover, do not cease with the death of the principals, but descend a sanguinary legacy to the nearest relative, often continuing until entire families become extinct, or the slayer atones by an offering of blood money. But, generally speaking, the quarrels between jealous rivals at a party are satisfactorily adjusted by a little blood-letting, the lover looking more to the honor of his antagonist than to his life. A wounded hand is the greatest stain upon the reputation of a Jarocho; the loss of life even is not deemed such a disgrace. Occasionally, however, the contest is one of life or death, and such it seemed to be in this instance.

The combatants stood each with his long blade grasped in his right hand, and with his left hand and arm wrapped in the folds of his manga by way of shield. At the word the combat began. The Jarochos know nothing of scientific fencing, and rely wholly upon strength and agility of body. The blows were furiously given, but were far from dexterous. On both sides it was only a series of quick thrusts and clumsy parries, of sudden lunges and hasty retreats. Their long knives struck one another with a metallic clang, or cut the air with a mournful sough. But there was a ferocity and determination about the men which resulted in much bloodshed and mutual hacking of flesh. They swayed to and fro upon the floor, the tumultuous crowd closing about them as they were successively displaced. Thus it continued for ten minutes when, wounded and bleeding, both men came to the floor and were carried off by their more intimate followers. The rest of the Jarochos crowded about the drinking stalls, and as they swallowed deep draughts of Catalan brandy congratulated themselves on having had so splendid a *fiesta* as would furnish the subject of conversation for weeks to come.

A River of Burning Oil.

The fire opposite Parker City, Pa., which destroyed eighty thousand barrels of oil, presented some uncommonly grand scenes, as described by a Philadelphia *Times* correspondent: A solid sheet of flame ran down the ravine to the river. Great clouds of black smoke arose in the air. The flames rolled over the ground and leaped many feet into the air. The heat was most intense. It generated gas in the United Pipe Line Tank No. 76, known as the Grant, Weller & Co. tank, situated three hundred feet north. A most terrific explosion followed, shattering the heavy plate-glass in the windows and stores of the city, and shaking the houses to their very foundations. The explosion was heard for ten miles. The roof of the tank was scattered around the country for a long distance. One piece, weighing fifty pounds, was found four miles away. The scene that followed was appalling. The tank contained twenty-two thousand barrels, and the explosion laid it level with the ground. Solid waves of burning oil rushed down the hillside. They reached the river, but did not stop there. For a while the consternation was complete. Every one looked for the flames to strike directly across and fire the city. The anxiety was intense. Everything depended upon the current and the wind. The scene at this time was grand beyond description. The river of burning oil, with its flames and black smoke, rolled its folds upward until the heavens were darkened. The citizens, terror-stricken, rushed in wild dismay in all directions. Their faces were blanched. Women and children were crying, and strong men were paralyzed with fear. Happily, the wind was strong enough to change the course of the flames to below the city. In half an hour they began receding. Then they divided, hugging both banks of the river. The coming was overwhelming and sublime. The receding was a fitting finish to a picture that never has been transferred to canvas.

Sir William Jenner, the distinguished English physician, has the whooping-cough. He is sixty-four years old. The London *Lancet* says that he has left the city "in order that he may not spread the disease."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Starting Fruit Orchards.

J. Fitz, of Keswick, Va., writes as follows to the agricultural editor of the New York *World*: It is the season to make observations as to what trees we should select when the time arrives for planting them out. The mistakes made by farmers and others in the selection of their fruit trees are so apparent and so discouraging that we feel it incumbent on us to make a few remarks on the subject, notwithstanding we may have heretofore said something about this common error.

If farmers would plant varieties just suited to their soil and location, what an increase of production would be realized, to benefit both the cultivator and the country. Many of us have fruit trees occupying valuable ground that are entirely worthless, although good in their proper places. We see fine descriptions in the books and catalogues, and, in making out lists to plant, trees are often selected without reference to their origin or the soil and location they require. In this way losses and disappointments are brought about, and are the certain result.

It is entirely in the power of planters to remedy this by proper selection, which they may always do if they but choose to make the effort. It is but very little trouble to look into the neighboring orchards during fructescence and see what trees are vigorous and note their bearing qualities. With this, and from the information the owners can give, there need be no mistake. We plant too many sorts. Select a few of the very best that will constitute a succession of summer, fall and winter sorts. If for market a few of each variety is better than many; for family use we may have a greater variety, but in a great many sorts you will be sure to get some that are worthless.

It is true a lot of barren or "shy-bearing" trees may be changed when young and thrifty by top-grafting to sorts that are productive, but this requires time, and many farmers could not be made to see this or would not give themselves the trouble to make the change, and so the trees remain more of a nuisance than anything else, and their owner takes up the mistaken notion that there is no special advantage in fruit culture. With such trees there must be a partial failure, however proper may be the general management of the orchard. The difference between trees properly selected and those that are not is so obvious that any observer with half an eye can see the disadvantages attending such selections. The fruiting season is the proper time for observation. A little good judgment, and the advice of the orchardist, as we have already remarked, will enable any one to avoid improper trees and enable him to select the best, both as to quality and bearing, and thus the value and bearing capacity of his orchard will be increased or secured in ratio with the pains he takes in this direction.

Those having the misfortune of a frosty location should be especially careful of what they plant. In their case the hardy sorts alone should be selected. It will not pay to cultivate trees from which fruit is not obtained, or that bear only once in three or four years or at long intervals.

Grape Layers.

From my experience in raising layers I would say, when the summer pruning is done, save the best lower branches. Do not shorten them if they grow fifteen feet in length. Do not shorten them in the fall trimming, except to clip off a few of the tender buds that grew late and are liable to be winter-killed. In the spring, before the buds have swollen perceptibly, make the ground fine and mellow where the vine is to be laid, and where it will have the most sun, or at least will have it some portion of the day. Lay the vine on the surface of the ground, and fasten it there by pins or stones. Let it be in this position until the buds have grown two to four inches. Now carefully raise the vine, and make a trench an inch and a half to two inches in depth under it. Place the vine in this trench and fasten it there, then more than fill it with good loam. A little fertilizer with the loam will do no harm. In this way it is easy to raise a good two to four foot vine from almost every joint. This is a much better way than to cover the vine when first laid down, as some advise. The vine then cannot be covered to a sufficient depth to root well without losing many of the buds. The last year's vine is far preferable to one older. The prominent fruiting buds on the old vine are all dead, and it is far less liable to grow than a new vine, and if it does send forth shoots they will come from small dormant buds that lie about the main dead bud. They grow like a sprout, and not like a main bud of a new vine. After the leaves have fallen, sever the branches from the parent vine, and carefully take up the layers, and divide them into as many parts as there are strong new vines.—*H. O. L., in Agriculturist.*

Health Hints.

An application of cold, wet, common whitening placed on immediately is an invaluable remedy for a burn.

Those who have hard, calloused spots on the hand can rid themselves of them by holding the spot over the grindstone for a moment or two.

Bleeding of a wound in a man or beast can be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth.

A good wash for the teeth is made by putting equal parts of borax and camphor gum into a bottle of water and letting it stand for a short time before using.

For inflammatory rheumatism take half an ounce of pulverized saltpeter, put in half an ounce of sweet oil, bathe the parts affected, and a sound cure will speedily be effected.

To keep the hands soft, mix honey, almond meal and olive oil into a paste; use after washing with soap. Castile soap is best for use, as it will cure a cut or scratch and prevents any spots.

To cure sore throat, wrap flannel around the throat, keep out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue and allow it to dissolve in the mouth.

Gentian root is said to be a tobacco antidote. Buy two ounces or more of gentian root, coarsely ground. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of "fine-cut." Chew it slowly and swallow the juice. Continue this a few weeks, and you will conquer the insatiable appetite for tobacco from which thousands struggle to be free, but give up in despair.

A Remarkable Counterfeit.

The Sub-Treasury department at New Orleans have come across a counterfeit silver quarter, a remarkable feature about which is, that it is intrinsically more valuable than the genuine quarter dollar. According to Mr. Davis, the coiner at the mint, to whom it was sent to be assayed, it weighs 978 grains, or 125 above legal weight, and contains fifty millimes of silver above standard, and also three millimes of gold, which silver coins do not contain, except in rare instances. Mr. James Albrecht, the assayer, reports that its fineness is 950 thousandths silver, and three thousandths gold. The only defect about the piece is in the engraving of the words, "In God we trust." The word "America" is abbreviated to "Amer.," in the words "United States of America."